The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKERS, EDITOR. "INDEPENDENT BUT NOT NEUTRAL." 50 CENTS A YEAR.

VOL. XIX. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1901. NO. 11.

It is encouraging to note that a knife and fork club has been organized in Chicago.

The report that Paderewski was killed in a French duel would indicate that the pianist has a new press agent.

It must be quite unhealthy to live over 100 years, judging from the way persons above that age are dying off.

It is discouraging to reflect that the people who live in the year 2001 will regard electric cars and telephones as very old-fogy institutions.

The fish hatcheries in the great lake region will put 2,000,000,000 fry into the water next spring. What a bountiful crop of lies are in prospect.

If there were to be a new beatitude, it might well read, "Blessed are the cheerful; for to them is given the gift of diffusing hope and courage and joy."

An English economist, making use of the population statistics for the last fifty years, figures out that by 1950 the population of England will have become stationary.

And now a scientist has declared the gulf stream a myth. There are so few "real" things left to us now that the scientists will soon have to take to disproving their own theories.

An alleged discovery is proclaimed that life destroyed by an electric current can be restored by the reversal of the current. It ought to be tried on the discoverer as an evidence of good faith.

A learned philologist undertakes to give the etymology of the word "kidnap." He says the original was "kid-nab"—and the kidnaper was one who nabbed the kid. Learning is a great matter.

Census Director Merriam contends that there will be 440,000,000 people in the United States at the close of the present century. But perhaps you would prefer to wait and count 'em for yourself.

It was one of the late Philip Armour's maxims that if there were fewer theorists in the world there would be more success. Facts, he held, could be discounted at any bank, but a theory is rarely worth par.

Angora cats have been turned to a curious use. Mrs. Ballington Booth is breeding and trading in them to establish and maintain a reform home for convicts. This gives a practical and philantiropic form to a society fad.

A Connecticut woman who died the other day had a grudge against her relatives, so she left all her money, $7000, to two yellow dogs. The name of the lawyer they have selected to defend them in the will contest has not been announced.

Willis L. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau, believes that the day will come, easily within the new century, when such fundamental principles underlying weather changes will have been discovered as will enable us to forecast with accuracy coming seasons.

The Philadelphia Press observes that the world wide growth of a keener sense of mercy and of a horror of inflicting pain wantonly or in taking pleasure in cruel punishments, no matter how well deserved, cannot be disputed. The world is growing less cruel and the exceptions but prove the rule.

Professor Pickering, of Harvard, adds the weight of his testimony to the evidence that something queer is happening in Mars—something that it may not be extravagant to consider signalling. Perhaps we shall find again, as in so many other cases, that the scientific romancers have been prophets.

In the good old story books of the village library the former farmer boy always came home rich from the city and bought the old home. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Rockefeller has found time apart from Standard Oil and the University of Chicago to justify the story-tellers. He, too, will buy the ancient homestead and will be a summer boy in Tioga County, states the New York World.

The marvelous development of high-class athletes in this country is shown by the fact that at least three American cities contain athletic clubs in which the membership runs far up into the thousands. And in every one the annual reports indicate conditions of admirable management and sound prosperity. Moreover, most of our larger cities possess similar organizations. Clubs of the foremost rank do much valuable work in promoting sport and keeping it clean. May they steadily gain in numbers and resources. The new century opens well for amateur sport in America, and even professional sports are likely to excel the achievements of last year in certain lines.

THE DEEP-SEA PEARL.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

The love of my life came not
As love unto others is cast;
For mine was a secret wound—
But the wound grew a pearl, at last.

The divers may come and go,
The tides, they arise and fall;
The pearl in its shell lies sealed,
And the Deep Sea covers all.

Aunt Tabitha's Wedding Gown.

By Margaret Dodge.

THE gown was a pale gray taffeta dotted here and there with tiny pink rosebuds. It was evidently an old gown, but made in the voluminous middle-of-the-century fashion that would adapt itself easily to the style at the end of the century. Indeed, little Mrs. Vining, kneeling on the floor in her attic storeroom and spreading the lustrous fabric across the top of the big Noah's Ark trunk, was already—in fancy, at least—"taking in" here and "letting out" there, with a certainty of success, born of long experience.

For eighteen years Mrs. Vining had been making over for a family of three pretty daughters, and as she said to herself, she could "almost do it with her eyes shut." To-day, however, Mrs. Vining was planning for none of these pretty daughters. Once, indeed, when she heard the sound of a girl's voice in the room below she started and crumpled the folds of the silk together almost guiltily.

"I don't care," she said to herself, when the voice died away. "I don't care. I'm going to have this silk for my very own. It will make over as good as new without a bit of trimming except what I've got in the house, and I do so want something that's pretty and in style!"

The last words came with the rush of a long pent-up stream. Not since the girls had outgrown their baby clothes had Mrs. Vining owned a gown that even remotely approached that ideal.

The Vinings lived in a pretty cottage in a popular suburb, kept a trim maid-of-all work, gave teas and provided music and dancing lessons for their daughters in addition to the regular courses at the public schools. In fact, they had enough for the comforts of life with a little left over for the luxuries; but that little, either in whole or part, never fell to Mrs. Vining.

One month it went for a tea-table for Ellen, the eldest, who had social aspirations; another month it was absorbed by a subscription to the boat club for Bertha, the athletic daughter, or by dancing lessons for fifteen-year-old Edith.

Then there were always the gowns—gowns for Ellen's whist parties and Bertha's tennis club and Edith's dancing class; gowns of cotton and crepon and silk and muslin, gowns that even when manufactured at home and made over from material that was "in the house" in some way ate up every penny that the little mother had laid by for her own modest outfit.

In the end, Mrs. Vining always either attended Dawton teas and church socials arrayed in a prehistoric black silk, or stayed away altogether. Of late she had always stayed away; and the three girls said that it really was not worth while for mother to have good clothes, for she never went anywhere and didn't care.

Being really amiable and sweet-natured girls, they probably believed what they said. Indeed, it's quite likely that it never occurred to them that mother didn't care to go anywhere because she had no suitable clothes. Meantime, Mrs. Vining said nothing at all.

But just within the last week Mrs. Vining had come to care very much, both about clothes and about "going somewhere." In two weeks there was to be a reunion of the Avery family at the old place in Averytown, New Hampshire, and she had been asked to write the poem.

"You see I haven't forgotten the lovely poetry you used to write in the days when you were Grace Avery and the Averytown poet, belle and 'glass of fashion,' all in one," wrote the home-staying cousin who had sent out the invitations, "and I count on you as my chief attraction." Which letter goes far toward explaining the special disfavor with which Mrs. Vining had eyed the prehistoric black silk when she took it down that morning for the sixteenth course of alteration.

Mrs. Vining was the mother of grown daughters; but she was such a bright-eyed, pink-cheeked and altogether youthful little mother that it is not to be wondered at that she shrank from the ordeal of returning to what the newspapers would call "the scene of her girlish triumphs" gowned in a black silk that was shiny where it ought to have been lustreless, narrow where it ought to have been broad, and broad where it should have been narrow—a gown, in fact, that exhibited all the known depravity of clothes that have outlived their allotted period of service.

"I suppose I'm horribly selfish and worldly-minded," the little mother had said to herself that morning, as she sat in the study trying to read the Woman's page in the Boston World, "but it does seem as if I couldn't bear it if a way wasn't opened for me to have a new gown for that reunion."

Just then something in the fashion notes caught her attention and set her to reading in earnest.

"Revival of Taffeta Silks.—Among the most attractive gowns in course of making for winter festivities are taffeta silks figured in tiny flowers, like those worn by our grandmothers. Indeed, it is said that many such gowns are being resurrected from old trunks and chests by the lucky owners of such ancestral finery, and with only slight alterations will grace many of the season's teas and receptions."

"Taffeta silk — ancestral finery," dropped disjointedly from Mrs. Vining's lips as she laid down the paper. "Why, there is Aunt Tabitha's wedding gown!"

That wedding gown! If ever there was a little illustration of the proverb, "Every dog has his day," it was that ancient garment. A dozen times every year for twenty years it had been dug out from the ponderous Noah's Ark of a trunk for examination and final rejection.

It had been suggested as a ball dress, as a tea-gown, as a lining for an opera-wrap, as almost every article of feminine apparel. It had been handled, literally and figuratively, until it was a wonder that a rag of the original fabric remained. In fact, "I suppose I must get along with Aunt Tabitha's wedding gown," had come to be the Vining family expression for "I must give up getting anything new," while that heirloom itself was regarded as a symbol of renunciation.

Yes, the girls certainly would laugh when they heard that at last the despised gown was in style and that their mother was to wear it at the Avery reunion! At least that was what Mrs. Vining had thought as she folded her paper and started up-stairs.

It was not until she had been kneeling for some ten minutes beside the Noah's Ark trunk in the little attic storeroom that the guilty fear already referred to seized her. Suppose the girls should want the taffeta themselves? To be sure she had only the day before given them money for a gown apiece; but those were to be evening affairs of filmy chiffon and lace. Wouldn't Ellen, the eldest, ask for the taffeta when she knew that taffetas were "in!"

At the thought Mrs. Vining suddenly rose with the precious silk pressed to her breast, her pink cheeks pinker and her bright eyes brighter than ever was their wont. "It's mine—mine!" she whispered. "I can't give it up. I do so want a gown that's pretty and in style just this once!" Then, hearing a sound of girlish laughter below, she thrust the rustling folds into the remotest corner of the big trunk, lowered the lid, and crept down-stairs as cautiously as is she had been a housebreaker.

"I'll take it to my room and begin on it this very afternoon," she thought.

But that afternoon proved an unusually busy one, even for this busy woman. First, a neighbor called a moment for a fancy-work pattern, and stayed an hour. Then the girls brought in mounds of samples from which mother must help them select their new gowns, and later in the day an important committee meeting of her sewing society drew Mrs. Vining away to the church vestry, there to discuss ways and means of providing the heathen with the garb of civilization.

All the time that gray taffeta silk with the pink rosebuds existed as an unchanging background against which were outlined all the events of the day. Even the girls' gowns aroused only a half-hearted attention. At the committee meeting she barely escaped forever losing caste with her fellow committee-women by voting that so many yards of taffeta silk with pink figures be bought for garments for the heathen, instead of the unbleached muslin commonly appropriated for that purpose.

And at the neighborhood sociable that evening Mrs. Vining was present in body only. Even when talking with the rector, or looking over a photograph album with the doctor's wife, she was, in fancy, walking up and down the old entrance hall of the Avery homestead, arm in arm with her favorite cousin; or she was sitting at the head of the long dinner-table in the dear old panelled dining-room; or reading a poem to a hushed audience in the red drawing-room—and always she was clad in a rustling gray gown dotted with tiny pink rosebuds, made up in the latest style.

Perhaps it was because of the encroachment of these waking visions upon Mrs. Vining's usual hours of slumber that she for once overslept the next morning. At any rate, it was long after nine when she finished her solitary breakfast, crept up to the attic storeroom and threw back the lid of the Noah's Ark trunk.

"I hope I didn't muss it, putting it away in such a hurry," she said, feeling down into one corner. Then, a moment later, "Way, it can't be true—yes, it is—the gown isn't there!" Beyond a doubt it was gone!

Mrs. Vining tumbled the contents of the trunk out upon the floor and looked into it and behind it, and finally examined every article that it had contained, from a velvet reticule to a pokebonnet; but nowhere was there a square inch of gray silk dotted with pink rosebuds.

"Could the girls——"

Without further shaping the question, Mrs. Vining hurried out of the storeroom and downstairs into the blue bedroom, where the two older girls sat sewing.

"Aunt Tabitha's wedding gown!" she gasped. "It's gone!"

Then she stopped short. On the foot of the bed lay what had been the gray taffeta silk, now cut into multitudinous folds and sections.

"You cut it up! You cut up Aunt Tabitha's gown!" she murmured; and then sat down upon the bed and burst into tears.

In a moment both the girls were at her side. "Why, mother," said Ellen, "do you mean that you wanted that old silk? Why, I never dreamed of such a thing! You know you never seemed to care about clothes, and taffetta is in again, and I thought how pleased you'd be to see Bertha and I had got two nice waists out of the old gown we were always laughing about."

But for once the little mother took no interest in the girls' "things."

"I do care for clothes. I care a great deal!" she sobbed. "Do you suppose that because I am your mother—and forty years old—I don't want to have things nice? And I was going to make the silk over for the Avery reunion—so that I could have something pretty and in style!"

With these last words there was another rush of tears. The two girls looked at each other across the bowed head, with moist eyes. Then Ellen, taking the worn little hand in hers, said, gently:

"Forgive me, mother. We've been dreadfully selfish—and I'm afraid it's too late for you to use Aunt Tabitha's wedding gown now. But just let us have the black silk and we'll see what we can do with that."

What they did with it little Mrs. Vining never found out. Certainly the gown in which she appeared at the Avery reunion bore not the slightest resemblance to that ancient garment. But in writing to a Western relative who could not come to the reunion, the home-staying cousin said:

"Yes, Grace Vining—she that was Grace Avery—read the poem, and she looked just as pretty as a picture. You know as a girl she was always a belle and a beauty, but I don't think I ever saw her look lovelier than she did that night, dressed in a pale gray silk, one of those new taffetas you know they are wearing now, just like those that our grandmothers wore, all dotted over with violets.

"One of the nicest things about it was that the dress was a present from her two oldest daughters, who gave up new evening gowns this winter so she could have the silk. I told them they were real generous girls, but they said they thought their mother had been giving up for them long enough and it was time to change around. And besides, they said they didn't need anything new this winter, for they had each a lovely waist, made of their Aunt Tabitha's wedding gown."—Youth's Companion.

THE SKIN AND THE LUNGS.

Facts Which Show How Closely They Are Related.

That the skin is intimately connected with the lungs is proved by the fact that our minor ills of the respiratory tract—colds, for instance—are almost always traceable to a checking of the perspiration so that the impurities of the blood poison us. Everybody knows the story about the little boy that was covered with gold leaf as a cherub for some Roman pomp, and how he died in agony a few hours afterward. The poisons manufactured by his own organisms slew him, to say nothing of his suffocation. Burns involving more than one-third of the general surface are fatal because the excretory powers of the skin are lessened beyond the abilities of the other depuratory organs to make up for. Varnish an animal and it will die in from six to twelve hours, say some authorities. This incontrovertible fact is matched by another equally incontrovertible, that nobody ever heard of any case of tarring-and-feathering that killed the victim. He might have had all kinds of trouble in getting the stuff off, and he might have felt a certain shock to his pride, but he didn't die that anybody ever heard of. I never assisted at a ceremony of this kind at either end of the joke, and so I cannot speak as to the completeness with which the body is covered with the tar, but from my general knowledge of the character of the people of the West and Southwest, where such sports are freely indulged in, I should say that it would most likely be a thorough and comprehensive pigmentation. It may be that the man breathes through the quills of the feathers stuck on, but I doubt it. I should think tar would seal up the pores of skin quite as effectually as varnish, and it is a paint warranted to wear in all weathers and not to crack or scale off. I went swimming once with a lot of boys when I was young, and there was a tar kettle right by the swimming hole. Well, sir, it was three weeks before—but perhaps we need not go into all that now. —Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslee's.

Millions Spent in Amusements.

"The American people are great theatregoers, and spend about $112,000,000 annually for such amusements," said a prominent theatrical manager to the writer recently. "This vast sum of money is paid into the treasury of some 1000 companies, which were estimated to be playing in all parts of the United States last year. This includes everything that can be considered strictly professional companies, to say nothing of the countless amateur organizations. Of the strictly theatrical organizations it is safe to say that the average receipts per night for the 1000 companies is $400 each. At seven performances per week for each company the weekly average would be $2800. The average theatrical season is forty weeks. The entire 1000 companies, with average nightly receipts of $400, would produce weekly receipts, at seven performances per week, amounting to $2,800,000. This multiplied by forty, the number of weeks in the theatrical season, will yield gross receipts amounting to $112,000,000, which is probably far below what the people of this country really do pay every year for theatrical amusement. —Washington Star.

Sent to Prison For Debt.

"Imprisonment for debt" has been abolished in England, but the same thing exists under another name. A debtor is sued in the County Court and the Judge makes an order that he or she shall pay so much per week or month un'il the debt is paid off. If the installments are not duly forthcoming the debtor is again summoned, and this time he is sentenced to prison, not for non-payment of his debt, but for contempt of court.

Japan Using Roman Letters.

Japan is taking a new step to approach Western civilization and withdraw from Chinese traditions by requiring officially that the Japanese language shall be taught in schools by means of Roman letters and no longer by the syllabic symbols.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

An Exciting Race.

IN the little town of Oakland lives Ida Record, a pretty schoolteacher, who recently ran a race to the land office with Jim McVey, of the same place, beating him by a fraction of a second, but beating him all the same, to the delight of her friends, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Miss Record has been the teacher for several years in the village nestled among the Ozarks, just off the bank of the picturesque White River. The President of the village had succeeded by hard work and many privations in building a substantial schoolhouse. For convenience the teacher lived in a small log house adjacent, with her widowed mother and little sister. There never would have been any question as to the rights of the village in occupying the bit of ground where the schoolhouse is located had it not been for the recent mineral excitement throughout this entire country. This was the incentive which induced the people to look closely to their own and their neighbors' title deeds, and in the course of his investigation Jim McVey discovered that the schoolhouse was built upon land that had never been claimed by anybody. The young man made up his mind to own that bit of land, and so took measures to "homestead" it. The schoolteacher was told of the intentions of the gentleman and immediately decided that she would present a prior claim to the land, which was of so much value to her as the site of the schoolhouse. The town of Harrison, the seat of the land office, was sixty miles away, over rough mountain roads, but that didn't daunt the little lady, who determined that if McVey was going there to take her schoolhouse she would get there first and homestead it herself. She called upon her brother to assist her, and they saddled their horses and the race began. Miss Record patriotically defending the rights of the "little red schoolhouse" and Mr. McVey working for Mr. McVey.

The ride was long and full of dramatic incidents. Upon reaching White River Miss Record learned that Mr. McVey had just crossed. She did not wait for the ferryboat, but into the river she urged her horse. He plunged breast high into the stream and swam most of the distance to the other side. Then on to Yellville with foam-flecked sides the horse went, the plucky little rider never hesitating a moment until she had jumped from its back at the door of the clerk's office in this town. The clerk looked at the pretty, flushed face of the lady as she stated her wishes, and it was with real disappointment in his tone that he informed her that McVey had been there five minutes before. "But," said he, "Miss Record, this man's papers have not yet gone to Harrison, and if you can get there before he do you can yet have the land." It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but she was ready to mount a fresh horse and begin the thirty-three-mile ride. In the meantime McVey had learned that she and her brother had set out for Harrison, and it didn't take him long to make up his mind to follow them. He arrived at Harrison at about the same time as the others, and they rode up to the land office together, only to learn that the land office would not be open until 9 o'clock the next morning.

In the interval Miss Record had canvassed all the possibilities afforded by technicalities, and long before the hour she was present, having taken her stand at the desk of the recorder. McVey stood before the desk of the receiver. She was in the best humor imaginable, and made several witty remarks at his expense while the recorder waited watch in hand. Finally he laughed just at the moment the recorder called time, and Miss Record dropping her papers on his desk, said: "I file these for record." McVey was one moment too late, his laugh having cost him the homestead. Miss Record declares that, as soon as she gets the title she will deed the school building to the town of Oakland, and although the people of the village feel safe about their schoolhouse they have cause for regret, as the neighboring town has offered Miss Record more money for her services in its school.

No Use For the Cactus.

"No, I can't say that I have any admiration for that sort of plant, however fine a specimen it is," said J. M. Proctor, of Phoenix, Ariz., recently, as he passed a casual glance at J. George Leyner's giant cactus in the lobby of the Albany Hotel. "I have seen altogether too many of them, and there is a circumstance that is often recalled by seeing them that I had rather forget." Mr. Proctor hesitated and would have passed on, away from the curiously formed plant, had he not been asked to tell what was this circumstance which seemed to deeply affect him. He began:

"I have lived in Arizona a good many years. In fact, I am one of the pioneers of the Territory. When I went there in 1855, there were few white people, but no end of Indians. The Indians were not all friendly. It was a year or so after coming to the Territory that, with a small party of prospectors, I was crossing the great Arizona desert, from Phoenix to where is now the King of Arizona mine. We were all provided with food and water, and were making the trip over the hot sands and under a scorching sun with as much comfort as was possible until we were overtaken by a straggling band of Indians. I think they were Jicarillas.

"There was nothing to do but make a run for it, and we gave them a hard race for five hours, until Archie Hazzard, one of the party, fell behind and was taken. Then we turned and made a fight, but it was no use. The Indians made off with their prisoner, a part of them keeping us off from those that had him in charge. We followed until night, when the Indians made a halt, and there, before our eyes, they stripped Hazzard of his clothes and lashed him to a big cactus.

"Such suffering! They raised him just far enough above the ground that his whole weight fell on the sharp needles of the plant, thousands of them piercing his flesh. While half of the Indians held us away, the others danced about our suffering partner. There were only four of us and about twenty Indians, but we succeeded in driving them off, after a fight that lasted until near midnight.

"When we reached Hazzard he was nearly dead from the loss of blood and the terrible agony that he suffered. We got him back to Phoenix, but he died in a few days.

"I have been caught in the desert and have been saved from dying of thirst by drinking water that is contained in the cactus, but I never can feel any gratitude to the plant after that first experience. And I never can tolerate an Indian."—Denver Republican.

The Bank Clerk and the Bush-Rangers.

Percy De Jersey Grut was the long name of a short young man who, in 1866, was a clerk in the Collingwood Branch of the English, Scottish and Australian Chartered Bank, in Victoria. Though barely five feet three inches in height, Percy was immensely broad across the shoulders, and as powerful as a gorilla. During the lunch hour, one day, he was left in charge of the bank, and while absorbed in the act of counting out money suddenly became aware of the presence of two men in the bank. Looking up he saw that they were masked, and realized that the bank was "stuck up" by bushrangers; they were, in fact, members of the gang of the famous Captain Moonlight. Without waiting to parley, Grut instantly caught up the only weapon at hand—a big silver candlestick—and brought it down with terrific force on the head of one of the two men, felling him to the ground. Then, vaulting over the counter (which was almost as high as he was), he grappled with the other fellow. The latter drew a knife and aimed a blow at Grut; Grut attempted to catch his wrist, but succeeded only in grasping the knife itself by the naked blade. Almost any other man would have "let go" at once, but Percy de Jersey Grut was the exception to the rule. He maintained his grip. Finally, by a sudden movement, Percy actually got the knife away from his antagonist, who thereupon drew a pistol and fired point-blank at the bank clerk's head. Percy dodged, but the bullet cut off part of his ear, and the blue marks of the powder are still be seen on the remains of it. At this juncture the other bushranger recovered his senses and sprang upon the broad-shouldered hero, but Percy got him by the throat, and stood there, holding both men in a grip which they were unable to break until some neighbors, who had heard the report of the pistol, came in to see what was the matter.

The robbers were captured and Grut's wounds were dressed, but he was never again able to straighten his right hand. He was known ever after as "Candlestick" Grut, and the bank directors, for his bravery, promoted him rapidly from one grade to another until, at an age when most men would be paying tellers, Percy de Jersey Grut was a full-fledged manager.

Engineers Attacked by Lion Twice.

A correspondent writes to the Gwelo paper from Umniati, Africa, to the effect that Mr. Tom Bain, engineer to the Zambesi Exploration Company, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Drysdale, and Mr. Joblin, while camping out about nine miles north of the Umniati River had an adventure with a lion the other day. It appears that lion visited these gentlemen at about 2 o'clock in the morning, when Drysdale fired at the intruder, but only succeeded in wounding it. Nothing being seen of the unwelcome visitor the party retired to slumber, but soon after sunrise a search was made for the wounded beast without success. However, on the party returning to their camp, the lion once again put in an appearance. Mr. Bain and Mr. Joblin ran clear, but poor Drysdale was pitched heavily on his face, and before he could move the huge brute sprang upon him, burying its teeth in his left thigh. With marvellous presence of mind he twisted himself beneath the wounded and vicious beast and discharged his gun full in its chest. Mr. Drysdale has a fearful thigh wound, the flesh and muscles being literally torn apart. His friends trekked him on, and Mr. Richmond applied antiseptics and temperarily closed and bandaged the gaping wounds, after which he was taken to Dr. Heberdon., in whose hands he is. It is presumed that this is the same brute that had been responsible for the deaths of two head of stock belonging to the Umniati Development Company in broad daylight the previous week.

Fought With Wolves.

In a fight with two gray wolves, which was witnessed by a score of horrified visitors at the Zoological Garden, Philadelphia, Keeper John Lover was badly mangled and only escaped with his life through the courageous efforts of his fellow-keepers.

Lover was covered with blood when rescued from the angry animals and was so weakened by his terrible fight that it was thought at first he was dead, but he was revived at the German Hospital.

The wolves that attacked Lover are his especial pets. He noticed that Beauty, the female, was limping, and thinking she had a splinter in her foot he went in to look at it. As he bent over her Dan, her mate, sprang upon him.

Headkeeper Manley and half a dozen others attempted to get into the pen, but Beauty held them at bay. They finally forced her to retire and got a noose over Dan's head and dragged him away.

Recognized the American.

Judge Hicks, of Minneapolis, being in London, inquired his way of a policeman. "You're from Hamerica?" "Yes, sir." "You can't 'ide the hac cent."—Boston Christian Register.

Proud Record.

"Speaking of progress," said the snail, "I traveled a mile last year."—Indianapolis Press.

HAZING AT A GIRL'S COLLEGE.

The Victim a Man Caller and the Ordeal Hard to Endure.

"Talk about hazing with tabasco sauce and gymnastics, it isn't in the same class with the test through which the students at a New England college for women put a masculine visitor," said the man with bashful tendencies. "I was near the college and concluded to kill two birds with one stone by viewing the building and calling on a friend, a student there at the same time. I presented myself at the hall where my friend lived and sent up my card. An intellectual looking girl, who I guess was a student, ushered me into a parlor and left me.

"I found myself in a corner of the room with a door at my right and another further along at my left. I had just time to glance around when a young woman came in at the right and passed me by with an intent look which just escaped being a stare. She didn't stop, but disappeared through the door at the left. Another followed and another, and finally they came in a regular procession. I didn't believe that so many persons could be housed in a building twice the size of that hall, and I am sure that most of the young women passed twice. As each went by she gave a glance which took in all of me from the part of my hair to the style of my shoes.

"By and by, when everybody that could be alarmed had inspected me often enough my friend came down. I learned that I had been suffering from one of the college customs. She had not received my card until my inspection was about ended. I thought one inspection of me would satisfy them, and I called again to undergo the same ordeal. Now I have other acquaintances there, and as soon as one appears in the line I stop her and make her talk to me until my friend comes. The tete-a-tete doesn't stop the procession, but it relieves the embarrassment."—New York Sun.

WISE WORDS.

Avarice increases with the increasing pile of gold.—Juvenal.

Getting into debt is getting into a tanglesome net.—Franklin.

Good actions ennoble us, and we are the sons of our own deeds.—Cervantes.

Nothing sooner overthrows a weak head than opinion of authority.—Sir P. Sidney.

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.—Charron.

Decision of character will often give to an inferior mind command over a superior.—W. Wirt.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand no worthily action done.—Bobart.

He who has never denied himself for the sake of giving, has but glanced at the joys of charity.—Swetchine.

Every time a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life.—Sterne.

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires, and in our having only regular desires.—Augustine.

Wherever you find patience, fidelity, honor, kindness, truth, there you find respectability, however obscure and lonely men may be.—H. W. Beecher.

She Didn't See Paris.

A woman imbued with all the true New Yorker's innate love of Paris paid her first visit to that bewildering city this autumn. She went with a couple to whom all of Europe is an old story. The heroine of this sad tale is twenty-one. Her traveling companions were both over fifty. She came home last week. "Well, how did you enjoy your trip, Cecilia?" asked a friend. "I suppose you 'did' Paris thoroughly. What do you think of it?"

"The Bois is pretty and the shops are not bad," admitted the newly arrived. "And the Louvre is fine, and Napoleon's tomb is still there. But, frankly, I didn't see Paris at all. I simply couldn't, with those old Blanks."

"Couldn't see it? Why, my dear Cecilia, you were there two whole months."

"Yes," said Cecelia, with a sniff of unutterable scorn, "and we were in our beds and asleep every blessed night at ten o'clock."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Value of Anti-Plague Serum.

The value of the antitoxin treatment for plague is still the subject of much controversy among the doctors. Yersen, in 1896, in China, claimed a large reduction in the plague mortality through the use of his serum, as also in India in 1897 with Roux's antitoxin. The Indian medical officers and the German commission, however, have reported unfavorably on the method and the serum treatment of plague has not been adopted in India. Calmette, of Paris, claims to have obtained excellent results with his serum in the outbreak of plague at Oporto last year. He believes that for successful treatment the serum must be administered in large doses intravenously (by injection into the veins) and early in the attack. He claims that when properly prepared and used there is no question as to its great value.

George Wished to Be a Sailor.

George Washington, like most of the lads of his time, contracted a fever for the sea. For a long time the mother protested, but finally gave her consent, though much against her will. His luggage had been carried on board the vessel, when there came a letter from her brother in England, strongly protesting against the boy being allowed to enter the British navy. Strengthened in her own conviction, she even then put her foot down, the permission was withdrawn and George did not become a sailor. It is said strongly to have resembled his younger sister, Jane, and it was a favorite prank of hers in later years to wrap herself in a long military cloak and, donning a military hat, move about the town, receiving the salutations which the people in their innocence though, they were paying to her illustrious brother.

THE KING'S JESTER.

Earth is the great King's kitchen, wide and vast,
Where each of us, a laboring cook, doth try
To bake for him some dainty unsurpassed,
To win his regal favor each doth vie.
For 'tis to him who cooks the daintiest fare
A boon, that he shall leave his humble place
And gladly mount the great King's marble stair,
To swagger in his halls in gold and lace.

Chance is a jolly jester, wand'ring through,
Who, bent on mischief, casts his eyes around
To find another scurvy trick or two
That to his far-famed foolship may redound.
He spies a nasty baking merrily,
And quickly, ere the busy cook can know,
With finger pokes it, swelling airily—
And lo!—our dainticst cake is turned to dough!

—Joseph H. Gregory, in Life.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I loved you," he raved, "from the first night I had your father's rating in Bradstreet's."—Philadelphia North American.

"What is the meaning of the word natural?" asked the teacher of a small pupil. "It's the way we act before we learn manners," was the answer.

He thought he would be shrewd,
And wed for money;
Well, now he is beshrewed—
Is that not funny?

—Philadelphia Press.

Father—"My daughter tells me, sir, that you have been making love to her." Clubberly—"I don't know why she should single me out among so many."—Detroit Free Press.

Wife (to unhappy husband)—"I wouldn't worry, John; it doesn't do any good to borrow trouble." Husband—"Borrow trouble? Great Caesar, my dear, I ain't borrowing trouble; I have it to lend."—Tit-Bits.

"I see that a Swiss engineer has invented a brake that will stop a flying express-train inside of eight yards." "Good. But how about the passengers—are they expected to stop, too?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pearson—"I'd like to know who sent me this abusive letter. I'll bet it was that crank next door." Mrs. Pearson—"I don't think so, John. It must have been some one who knows you much better than he does."—Tit-Bits.

"I wish I knew whether there is anything in Mr. Shadyside or not," said Miss Bellefield to Miss Bloomfield. "Have you thought of testing him with the cathode ray?" asked the latter.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The rabbit met the Belgian hare
And said with grand and lordly air:
"When pledge of good luck man secures
My left hind leg's as good as yours."

—Chicago Record.

Towne—"That boy of Jones's is older than he looks, isn't he?" Browne—"I don't think so. Why?" Towne—"I saw him out skating to-day, and he never once tried to see how near he could go to the danger-sign without falling in."—Philadelphia Press.

"He quotes a great deal of poetry," said the young woman. "Then I shouldn't bother about him," said Miss Cayenne. "He is probably not serious. A man never quotes poetry except when he is too lazy to think of something to say on his own account."—Washington Star.

A Crab Goliath.

In Central America there lives a robber crab, of almost incredible size, and somewhat resembling a large spider. The distance between its extended claws is sometimes as great as twelve feet. It spends the greater part of its life on land, and climbs the cocoanut trees, on the fruit of which it lives almost entirely. It digs in the ground deep tunnels and lines them with cocoanut fibre.

When engaged the robber crab can break a man's limb with its powerful claws. Animals approaching it too closely often receive an ugly pinch, which they do not soon forget, and it is on record that one of these crabs has captured and tried to drag off a goat.

To open a cocoanut the robber crab removes the bark from the end containing the three eyes, one only of which is easily penetrated, and having found this, it revolves the nut against the point of one of its spindle legs until the opening is large enough for it to insert its great claw. With this it breaks the shell, grinds the contents into small pieces and carries them to its mouth.

A Tale-Bearing Marble.

Lord Kelvin once surprised his class by the quick and amusing manner in which he solved a problem on "sound." In the midst of an experiment Lord Kelvin had ceased lecturing, and was silently watching, along with most of the students, the progress of an experiment. There was a dead silence, which was suddenly and rudely broken by the sound of a marble, which an inattentive pupil had purposely dropped, and which continued to roll and drop, drop, drop down all the tiers of benches till it reached the ground floor. Meanwhile Lord Kelvin had quickly turned around and observed where the marble emerged on the floor. He counted back the number of times he had heard it drop, and then announced:

"Mr. X—— of the seventh tier, you may report to me after the lecture."

The eminent scientist had correctly spotted the culprit.—Mainly About People.

Mushroom Culture by Ants.

In the American Naturalist Professor Wheeler describes a new genus of insect living commensally with certain ants. The general reader will, however, be specially interested in the so-called "mushroom gardens" formed by the ants in question. It appears that they cut and transport into their subterranean cellars large pieces of leaves, which are there divided into smaller fragments, and ultimately reduced to a fine pulp. "This pulp is heaped up, and soon becomes invaded by the mycelium of a fungus. The mycelium is kept aseptically clean—i. e., free from all species of fungi and even from bacteria—and induced to grow in an abnormal way by bringing forth minute swellings which constitute the only food of the ant colony. Moller likens these swellings to the 'kohlrabi' of the German kitchen gardens."